

THE  
R I D E R;  
OR,  
H U M O U R S of an I N N;

A F A R C E of Two Acts:

As it has been acted with general Approbation,

AND WAS

Intended for the THEATRES in LONDON.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. LAWRENCE, in Duke's-Court, Covent-Garden; W. NICOLL, in St. Paul's Church-yard; and T. DURHAM, Charing Cross.

M D C C L X V I I I.

THE  
RIDERS  
OR

HUMOURS OF AN INN

A Farce of Two Acts

As it has been acted with general Applause

AND WAS

Inscribed for the



LONDON

Printed for J. Warriner, in Duke's-Street, Covent-  
Garden; W. Nicolson, in St. Paul's Church-yard;  
and T. Durnley, in Chancery-Lane.  
MDCCLXXIII



## The AUTHOR'S APOLOGY for the RIDER.

**N**Otwithstanding the following little piece has been disapproved of at the Theatres, the general approbation it has met with, on being performed elsewhere, and the many solicitations of my friends to publish it, have induced me to think authors may be considered in some measure as bearing great analogy to tender mothers : As the latter are too apt to flatter and indulge themselves in the wit and beauty of their own children, so are the former in the merit of their own works. Perhaps I may be judged to be one of the above number. But in defence of that opinion, I must confess to the reader, I am not ignorant of the many errors, deficiencies, and super-

superfluities in the following Farce; some of which I believe are impossible to be avoided by young authors in their first productions.

*Note,* As there is a similitude between the characters of the Landlady in the *Good-natur'd Man*, and Mrs. Motherly in the *Rider*, it may not be improper to assure the Reader the original copy of this little piece was finished in the beginning of July in the year 1767.

THE

# DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

M E N.

Colonel FARMAN.  
Major HASTINGS.  
Jack FARRAR.  
Julius LOWESS.  
John HOBBS.  
Tom.  
Walter.  
Officer.  
Buller, &c.



W.  
SHEILA.  
BILLY.  
Mrs. MONTAGUE.  
PETER.  
ANGELICA.  
LOCK, &c.

Scene, As in a Country Town.  
Time, Evening and Morning.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

Colonel FREEMAN.  
Major HEARTWELL,  
JACK FLASH.  
Justice LOVEGOLD,  
JOHN HOMELY,  
TOM.  
Waiter.  
Ostler.  
Bailiff, &c.

## W O M E N.

SILVIA.  
BELINDA.  
Mrs. MOTHERLY,  
PHILLIS.  
ARABELLA.  
LUCY, &c.

SCENE, *An Inn in a Country Town.*

TIME, *Evening and Morning.*



THE  
R I D E R;  
O R,  
H U M O U R S of an I N N.

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A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Street before the Inn.*

*Enter FREEMAN and HEARTWELL.*

*Heart.* **W**ELL but, my dear Colonel, pr'ythee tell me, what in the name of fortune brings you here?

*Free.* Why that same blind mistress you have just mentioned: You know, Sir, fortune is the soldier's oracle; and, like other sons of superstition, we are all ready to obey her very nod, in hopes she'll smile on our earliest wishes.

*Heart.* Faith, Colonel, I think she has never frown'd on yours.

*Free.* Nay, Charles, tho' she has not made me the sole of her slipper, I have not been the button of her cap neither.

*Heart.* Then we'll say you have generally march'd in the centre of her favour.

*Free.* Faith, hitherto, I must confess—and if she jilts me not in my present expedition, I shall think she ranks me with the first of her favourites.

B 2

*Heart.*

*Heart.* Come, come, be not too fond of her neither: Consider, man; she's of the female sex, and the sickliest jade of the whole tribe; often bringing us to the utmost regions of hope, and then leaves us on the precipice, or tumbles us headlong to eternal despair. But to the purpose:—What new preferment are you chasing, Colonel?

*Free.* None, I assure you: What I have obtain'd, I am well content with; and wish every honest soldier, whose merit deserves it, were as well rewarded.

*Heart.* That's kind; but merit's out of date, Sir, and is the worst commodity you can bring to market, except court-honesty. A man may as well hope to thrive by it, as a bawd by a blown mistress. Merit, by my soul! Traverse but the streets of the metropolis, and you may pick up more for a penny than will poison half the courts of Europe.

*Free.* And the courtiers too, Charles.

*Heart.* No, it would only expel what they have already swallowed, and make them a set of honest useless Tools. As they are, they are a race of necessary creatures; it's by them only you can purchase honours and preferments.

*Free.* Or the dust of Peru, Major. Well, faith I heartily pity thee.

*Heart.* Me! Why so, pr'ythee?

*Free.* Because I think thou art too generous to thy friends to purchase one way, and too much of a soldier to do it the other.

*Heart.* Why I am a little unpolish'd, that's certain; the camp is not like a school or a court, Colonel.

*Free.* And yet, Major, we have many a one in the camp that wou'd much better become a school or a court.

*Heart.* Faith that's true; and it has often grieved me to the soul to see a boy of fifteen taking the pay of a company, whilst so many brave soldiers, who have served the fatiguing campaigns of the German war, are reduced to their plain frocks.

*Free.* And yet, methinks, it is but necessary to breed our youth to arms before we want them.

*Heart.* Ay, and to provide for those who serv'd us when we did want them too. But come, Colonel, we grow too serious on this subject; pr'ythee tell me what brings you from Ireland.

*Free.* A wild-goose chase, I assure you; but you'll see more anon. Where do you quarter?

*Heart.*

*Heart.* Why at this house, above all others; the landlady is a fine dame, and well worth your acquaintance.

*Free.* Oh, Sir, I understand ye; what, you have been here on free quarters till your appetite is sated; so now, like a kind soul, would recommend your mistress to your friend. Well, Charles, thou art certainly the best-natured fellow breathing.

*Heart.* Nay, faith, thou wilt be ravished with the original. Mark but the copy; why she's wanton, man, as a girl of fifteen; loves dress, like my Lady's pin-sticker; flattery, like a wither'd Abigail; and old port, like a country Parson.

*Free.* And young, sayst thou?

*Heart.* Oh! quite so. Let me see, married at twenty-two, a wife fifteen, and a widow fifteen—But here she comes.

*Enter Mrs. MOTHERLY.*

*Moth.* Here, Bell, Waiter, shew the Gentlemen a room.

*Free.* In good time, Madam; I wou'd first confer a little with my friend.

*Moth.* And in faith, Sir, you do well to call him so: The Captain, good man, is a friend to every one: He is the best-natured Gentleman living.

*Free.* I find, Madam, he is in your good graces.

*Moth.* I should be very sorry, Sir, to be an enemy to the sword.

*Free.* A thing, Madam, not very uncommon with people in your business.

*Moth.* With the unthinking part, it's likely, Sir; but those who consider the welfare of their country, are of a nobler mind; they know, Sir, that soldiers are the pillars of the nation. Despise a soldier! Marry, Heaven forbid it! Why, a red-coat and a sword, Sir, are companions for a Nabob.—But what d'ye please to drink, Gentlemen?

*Free.* If any one should inquire for a strange Officer, you'll let me know it.

*Moth.* Certainly, Sir; but what d'ye please to drink?

*Free.* The roads are hot and dusty, Charles; we must have something cooling.

*Moth.* Oh, Sir, by no means; you shou'd never drink any thing colder than your blood. My poor dear husband lost his life by drinking cold cyder, after riding hard: He was a merry man—Nay, a good man, a very good man, tho'

tho' I say it, that should not say it. Poor dear soul, I shall never get the like of him.—But what d'ye please to drink, Gentlemen?

*Free.* Pray, landlady, how long have you been a widow?

*Moth.* Upwards of fifteen years, Sir.

*Free.* Oh Heavens! By my soul the young fellows of this age have no taste for wit and beauty, or they would long ere now have stripp'd you of these widow's weeds.

*Moth.* You are pleased to compliment.

*Free.* Not at all. Why, I dare say you are not more than four or five and thirty; and I look upon a woman to be in her prime at those years.

*Moth.* Something more, Sir; but as for business, why I can run round half the young dames upon the road. But what d'ye please to drink?

*Heart.* A little cool-tankard.

*Moth.* Dear Sir, take my advice; let it be negus.

*Free.* On conditions you'll do us the honour to partake, we'll oblige ye.

*Moth.* You are too obliging, Sir. Here, Waiter, Bell.

[*Exit.*

*Heart.* and *Free.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Heart.* Was ever any thing so ridiculously officious. But see, here comes another of nature's extraordinaries.

*Enter TOM, with a Letter.*

*Free.* To me, friend!

*Tom.* Friend! So, I see my disguise secures me not only from the penetrating eyes of a lover, but a soldier too.

*Heart.* So this is an old soldier, I suppose; one of those mighty men, that fight battles over a quart-pot, win victories with a pipe of tobacco, and carries his wounds in black and white. What regiment, friend?

*Tom.* Harra, is it me, honey!

*Heart.* A rank teague, by Jupiter! Pr'ythee wer't thou never a soldier?

*Tom.* Not I, by my shoul; I never fight at all, at all.

*Free.* The Devil! What, Tom!

*Tom.* The same, Sir.

*Free.* Pr'ythee what means this disguise?

*Tom.* A very necessary one, I assure your Honour. You must know, Sir, I am as unwelcome a guest to the old Gentleman's head-piece, as he calls him, as your Honour

to his Worship; so hearing they were a company of comedians in town, I made friends with poor Teague for his regimentals; in which disguise I pass'd upon his Worship for an Irish hay-maker; and on condition of working three-pence per day under the rest of his labourers, I was promoted to the honourable employment of an humble frog-tosser. I had not been long in my office before the fineness of the weather brought your fair Mistress, and my adorable Princess, begging your Honour's pardon, to take a view of our labour. I soon found an opportunity to deliver your Honour's epistle, and in two hours after received that, the contents of which I am a stranger to.

*Heart.* Oh! Oh! here's a love-intrigue, I find.

*Tom.* Yes, Sir; his Honour and I are in a fair way of becoming bucks of the first head.

*Free.* Really, Sir!

[Whips him.]

*Tom.* Hold, hold, Sir; if these are the wages Jupiter pays Mercury, the Devil may be the messenger of mischief, for Tom.

[Exit.]

*Heart.* So Colonel, not sell a sacrifice to a woman, I hope.

*Free.* Why, is that so strange a thing?

*Heart.* Oh no, not at all: But, tell me sincerely, art thou really a traveller in the road of matrimony?

*Free.* Nay, faith, you hear my man's opinion of my station.

*Heart.* A mighty pretty one, truly, for a man just going to embark for the golden shore.

*Free.* Ay, were I not sure of my mistress, Charles; but she's not of the common stamp, believe me.

*Heart.* No, no, that I'll be bound for; no common woman cou'd ever captivate the heart of the gay Colonel Free-man. Pr'ythee, Colonel, what keeping is she in?

*Free.* Keeping! why in her father's, as yet.

*Heart.* Impudent strumpet! wou'd no distanter a relation than a father serve her turn?

*Free.* Come, come, thou wilt think nobler of her, when you are better acquainted.

*Heart.* Not I, truly: Women to me, Sir, are always most valuable at the first sight: Examine but their foibles, and you'll find them like false jewels, fit only to be view'd at a distance.

*Free.* Mine, Sir, will bear a stricter examination; in her you'll find a whole citadel of charms, which I am like to be in possession of, without opening a single battery.

*Heart.*

*Heart.* For which reason thou wilt be ready to fly from the garrison in a month, without waiting for the approach of the enemy.

*Free.* Why, Charles, is a fine woman, endued with beauty, wit, honour, and chastity, so bad a companion for a man?

*Heart.* Not if a man could forget she is his wife, Colonel.

*Free.* Now I should imagine the having her in my sole possession to be the greatest happiness.

*Heart.* Ha! ha! ha! A man have the sole possession of his wife, Colonel!

*Free.* Why not, where passion is prompt by mutual inclination, and neither has any interest but sincere love?

*Heart.* Sincere love! ha! ha! why there again: Art thou mad, man? Rather sincere indifference, with a good fortune to support it, with a different equipage, different tables, and different beds: It's then possible a man might live easy with such a wife, a week or so, on condition she had a still tongue too.

*Free.* Well, Charles, I see thou hast a taste of true quality: But prythee tell me sincerely, if you speak this from an utter aversion to the sex; or has some cruel fair one that tender heart of thine in keeping?

*Heart.* What, trust my heart in a woman's keeping! By Jupiter I'd rather trust my wounded body in the hands of a quack, my sister with a bawd, or my mistress with a granadier company.

*Free.* The ladies must certainly esteem you for the honour you do them.

*Heart.* Well, but Colonel, Mayn't I know the happy fair one, that is so high in your esteem?

*Free.* Most certainly: This letter will inform you.

[Gives the Letter.]

*Heart.* [Reads.] Let me see—"Your honour—father's cruelty—to consider—your proposals—secret—Major Heartwell—consent—a chaise ready—this evening—till then adieu. B. L."—I should know this hand.

*Free.* I fancy the old Justice, your uncle, would know it better, Charles.

*Heart.* Not Belinda's, is it!

*Free.* The same, you may depend on't: You don't wish me joy, Charles.

*Heart.* I would rather wish you no wife, Colonel!

*Free,*

*Free.* Pr'ythee, why so? I hope she's a woman.

*Heart.* Or in a fair way of being made so, at least. But, to be serious tho', I confess she has charms that might captivate a Prince; yet there is one thing which makes her as disagreeable a companion for a soldier, as a mistress without conscience.

*Free.* What's that, Major?

*Heart.* The want of fortune, Colonel: The old gentleman positively will never part with one single guinea.

*Free.* Pish! Rot his guineas; let me alone for that; if he parts with his daughter, I have all I ask.

*Heart.* Nay, faith, even that's a question.

*Free.* Why then you know the old road: I have a chaise ready, and Scotland is the word, Major.

*Heart.* Why you wou'd not attempt to go off with her, surely, would you?

*Free.* Indeed but I will tho', as surely as this invites me; thou dost not think me so great a coward as to refuse a challenge I hope.

*Heart.* Well, I heartily wish you success; and if I can be of any service, you may command me.

*Free.* Major, I thank you. But come, it is time to think of our Negus. [Exit.]

## SCENE II. *The Kitchen.*

*A Table set with Cards, another with Pipes and Tobacco; Mrs. MOTHERLY, ARABELLA, and several Tradesmen with their Tools, &c. the Barber seated, with a News-paper.*

*1st Tradesf.* Pish! Rot your politicks, mind your cards.

*2d Tradesf.* And your cards too: Here, Bell, lay them by, and let's have a song for the honour of St. Monday.

*1st Tradesf.* With your leave, they are mine, Sir; and I'll give the best man in the house a rubber at all-fours for a full Joram.

*Barb.* Silence, gentlemen! here's intelligence extraordinary. *[Reads.]* We hear from the west end of the town, that a late great Commoner was carried home a few nights ago from the house of a nobleman of distinction very much disorder'd, occasioned, as it is said, by the snarling of a little black spaniel just arrived from the north.

C

*3d Tradesf.*

*3d Trades.* A pox on your spaniels, the north, and your politicks, party and stuff; learn to be wise, and leave it to your betters. Is there any thing about the election, or the price of provisions?

*Barb.* Let me tell ye, Mr. Chip, you know nothing of the matter.

*3d Trades.* Nor hope I shall never learn, as you have done, to seek the good of my country, till I lose myself in the search.

*Barb.* That man that has not the good of his country always at heart, is not fit to live in it.

*3d Trades.* That's certain; but while that's at his heart he is sure to have his friends by the ears.

*Enter the Barber's wife, and tears the paper.*

*Moth.* I assure your impudence, Madam! Do you think I have nothing to do but buy papers for you to tear?

*Barb. Wife.* And, Madam, do you think my husband can afford to be always sotting in an ale-house?

*Moth.* I'd have you to know, Madam, my house is an inn; and tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it, as good a one as any on the road, and as well furnish'd too.

*Barb. Wife.* And well it may, when my family, and many more, are half starving to support it.

*Moth.* Your family! marry come up! who minds your custom: Your husband will come and set a whole hour over the paper for a pint of beer.

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Mr. Strap, there's a gentleman wants shaving in the King's-head.

*Barb.* I'll come directly. Wife, get me some clean linen: You see, child, we are only promoting trade.

*[Exit Barber and Wife.]*

*3d Trades.* And spending the calf in the cow's belly.

*1st Trades.* So here's matrimonial music for ye; first comes the wife brawling with sot—drunkard—family—and starving—then come the brats squalling, yah, yah, yah.

*4th Trades.* Softly, Sir; consider it is an honourable estate; besides, the good wives tell us, he that degrades it is a traitor to his church.

*Enter*

*Enter Ostler, with a Pair of Bags on his Arm.*

*Ost.* The Lard, Mistrefs! what do you think? here's 'Squire Spritely com'd, and a monstrous vine Lady we'en.

*Bell.* Where, John, where!

*Ost.* Why here; dos'nt se'en?

*Enter FLASH.*

*[Bell runs and kisses him.]*

*Bell.* Lard! 'Squire, how do you do?

*Flash.* Well, I thank ye, my girl: Where's your mistress?

*Bell.* Why here, Sir; but can't I do?

*Flash.* Go, there's a Lady wants ye; take care of her, hussy, for my sake.

*Bell.* That I will, 'Squire.

*[Exit.]*

*Flash.* Madam, how do you do?

*Moth.* 'Squire, I thank ye, I am heartily glad to see you well: Come, a little drop of my cordial will do ye good after your ride; its charming cherry, 'Squire: I never part with any of this but to my favourites, I do assure ye: Come, here is your health, 'Squire. Wou'd not the Lady choose a little drop?

*Flash.* You know the old saying, Landlady; sauce for the goose serves for the gander; we'll try her. *[Exit.]*

*1st Trades.* What the Devil sends him hither again! has he got another horse to run?

*2d Trades.* No, I fancy the last cur'd him of horse-racing.

*Enter BELL.*

*Bell.* The Lard! neighbours, what do ye think? The 'Squire's married to a great fortune, and talks of putting up for one of our parliament-men.

*1st Trades.* The Devil he does! he'll be never the better tho', I know that.

*Bell.* Why, I am sure he's a very good-natur'd man.

*2d Trades.* What signifies good-nature, if he has no money?

*Bell.* Why don't I tell ye he has married a great fortune.

*2d Trades.* But he'll soon spend it.

*1st Trades.* See, here comes the Barber again: Give us a song, or we shall be bother'd to death with politicks again. Not a word of this to him, for your life, Bell.

*All the Trades.* A song, a song.

*2d Trades.* Call silence, then.

*All the Trades.* Silence! silence!

## S O N G.

## I.

*How happy are we,  
Who from toils are so free,  
To enjoy each delight that's inviting:  
We've no cares to perplex,  
Wives nor children to vex,  
But mirth and good-humour uniting.*

## II.

*Let the learned and great,  
Of state matters debate,  
And support all the rights of the crown;  
Whilst we jolly lads  
Laugh to scorn those queer dads  
That despise a good jug of the brown.*

## III.

*There's the grave politician,  
Priest, quack, and physician,  
All prate for the good of the nation;  
But believe me sincere,  
It doth plainly appear,  
'Tis pelf is the ground of their passion.*

## IV.

*There's the gay powder'd fop,  
And the whey-fac'd milk-fop,  
All the world will allow to be sappy;  
Tho' we're crasis, we're so wise  
As those fools to despise,  
O'er a jug of good ale that is nappy.*

## V.

*There's the broker and mawyer,  
The sharper and lawyer,  
All long, Sirs, your chink to be snacking;  
Whilst we hope to please,  
And never to tease,  
Whilst a jug or a jest we are cracking.*

## VI.

*So now let us sing,  
 Long live Queen and King!  
 May victory or peace e'er besfriend 'em;  
 But if war chance to call,  
 We're their military all,  
 And I warrant you, my boys, we'll defend 'em.*

*All. Huzza! huzza! huzza!*

*[Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*FREEMAN and HEARTWELL over a Tankard.*

*Free.* Major, you must have variety of entertainment here.

*Heart.* Oh, Sir, quite a theatre: Most of our Officers being in town, and Saturday being market-day, curiosity, you must know, more than appetite, induc'd me to dine at the ordinary: We had an elegant collection, I assure ye; and the company as splendid, consisting of the caterer of the house, or butcher, which you please; a fop of a footman, a London rider, three of the comedians, a bailiff and his follower, two higgler's wives, five country farmers, your humble servant, and the passengers of the York stage-waggon.

*Free.* Ha! ha! ha! A goodly company truly. *[French-horns sound at a distance; several shouts are heard.]* Pr'ythee what means that noise?

*Heart.* Oh, Sir, that's another set of nature's monsters, that meet here once a month, to dine, get drunk, abuse each other, and are carried home to repent.

*Free.* What are they, Major?

*Heart.* A set of heroichunters, who, because it is not in their power to rally the fox at this season of the year, take care to rally themselves, and every body about them.

*Free.* Nay, Charles, it is not right to degrade those noble sportsmen; it is an exercise I am particularly fond of; a godlike diversion, in my opinion.

*Heart.* Ay, Sir, to those who are happily adapted to it, I grant ye; but these are a set of such odd mortals: The two chief are my Lord Riskall and Sir Thomas Fearfull; the former a fellow you'll see giving a hundred guineas for a horse, which he generally knocks up in one day's chace; and the latter, tho' he has the best stable of hunters in the whole

whole country, seldom sees the hounds after they break cover. The others are the tradesmen of the town, some old country farmers, and five or six neighbouring parsons.

*Free.* Parsons! Pr'ythee, Charles, is this a privilege entailed to their livings, or do they engross it?

*Heart.* Oh, Sir, all engrossed; it is a privilege, like many others, obtain'd by might; the church is in such power at present, Colonel, that Religion is blind with one eye, and seems to wink with the other: Nay, Justice too has broken her balance, and weighs all in one scale; while the Gown and the Robe attend only for their fees. Believe me, Sir, there's no more certainty of obtaining a right from the one, or piety from the other, than of courage from a sword, or loyalty from a red-coat.

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* A Gentleman desires to know if there is a Colonel here, Major.

*Free.* Colonel! Ay! who is he?

*Wait.* One 'Squire Spritely, a Gentleman from London,

*Free.* Spritely! Who the Devil is he! Do ye know him, Major?

*Heart.* Not I, faith: however, send him in; that's the only way to know him.

*Wait.* Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter FLASH.*

*Flash.* Your servant, my dear: I believe you have not the pleasure of knowing me, my dear: My name is George Spritely, Esq; of Spritely-hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, of a family as old as William the Conqueror.

*Heart.* Older, without doubt, Sir.

*Flash.* I am sorry to be the messenger of ill news, Colonel; but you know things of this sort will happen. Well, you soldiers are devilish fellows, that's certain: You are like death; wherever you come you are sure to conquer.

*Free.* I don't understand ye, Sir.

*Flash.* No, no, I dare say not; Well, faith I pity the poor girls; they ventur'd hard for it.

*Free.* Sir——

*Flash.* Come, come, don't be ashamed of the business, my dear; faith they were a couple of fine recruits, and wou'd make no contemptible figure in the front of the regiment upon

upon a march: But those old fathers of ours are so damn'd impudent.

*Free.* This is a freedom I am not often treated with; and let me tell ye, Sir, I shall expect an explanation.

*Flash.* Well, but my dear Colonel, a little raillery, you know, can't be avoided on these occasions.

*Free.* Occasions, Sir! Explain, or——

[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]

*Flash.* Bless me, Sir! you are so hot, you will not give one time.

*Free.* I am calm, Sir: Proceed.

*Flash.* I——I——I——

*Heart.* Ha! ha! ha! I believe, Colonel, you have banished the story from the gentleman's memory; he looks terribly frightned

*Flash.* No, no, Sir: I——I——I——

*Heart.* and *Free.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Flash.* I——I——I say, Sir, I was not frightned; but only I hate fighting, that's all, Sir.

*Heart.* Ay, that I'll be bound for; thou art temperance itself, the very spirit of peace.

*Flash.* It was always my opinion, that peace in a whole skin are worth all the honours in Christendom.

*Heart.* Oh Sir, you are certainly in the right: But the story, Sir, the story.

*Flash.* Well, as I was saying, Sir, I——I——I——  
Pray, Sir, whereabouts did I leave off?

*Free.* Just as you were going to begin, Sir.

*Flash.* Well, Sir, as I was saying——[*Aside.*] A pox on those fighting fellows, how they fright one: I shall not be to myself again this month.——As I and my Lady were coming in our post chaise about a mile from town, we came up with two fine girls, both on foot, and almost smother'd with dust. Curiosity, you know, the natural part of a fine gentleman, induc'd me to enquire the purport of their journey:——They informed me they were coming here, to meet some friends; so my natural affection for the ladies, and overflowing generosity, influenc'd me to offer them the use of my chaise: But the moment I got out, up came two old rustic savage brutes with great clubs, and down they fetch'd me; when I recover'd, I found my poor lady almost frighten'd to death, and the old rascals carrying off the girls in triumph; so I jump'd into my chaise, and as we were driving off, heard one of the poor girls cry, Pray, Sir, tell

the Colonel not to despair. So, Sir, hearing there was a Colonel in the house, I imagined it might be you, that's all; Sir, upon my honour.

*Free.* You receiv'd no hurt, I hope, Sir.

*Flash.* Not much; a scratch on the nose, or so.

*Heart.* Well, Sir, those old gentlemen were certainly a little uncivil; but you know, Sir, we must also bear with the infirmities of old age.

*Flash.* Infirmities! why, Sir, they were the greatest brutes in nature; I wanted only a sword, to have made worms meat of them both.

*Free.* and *Heart.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Heart.* You forget, Sir, you hate fighting.

*Flash.* But the old rascals provoked me so.

*Heart.* Hold, Sir, they must not be abus'd; so if you have finish'd your story, we thank you for the ladies and ourselves.

*Flash.* O, Sir, I understand you: Your servant, your servant, my dear. [Exit.]

*Heart.* So Colonel, the enemy have made a sally, I find. Poor soul! I begin to pity thee; how melancholy is a commander after a repulse.

*Free.* Pish! Pr'ythee don't teaze me.

*Heart.* What in the dumps, man! Oh, here comes your chief engineer.

*Enter Tom.*

*Heart.* So, Tom, your mines are all defeated.

*Tom.* All countermin'd, faith, Sir.

*Heart.* Well, Colonel, must we raise the siege?

*Tom.* Not if I might command, Sir.

*Free.* Why, Tom; what would you do?

*Tom.* Do, Sir; why conquer, or die in the attempt.

*Free.* But how, pr'ythee?

*Tom.* Why thus, Sir: Go this very evening and storm the fort: I'll set fire to it, if your Honour will but plunder it.

*Free.* Surely thou wouldst not be such a villain.

*Tom.* A villain, Sir! Who would think it a villainy to prick a rascal in the guts that had robb'd you of your mistress? Beside, Sir, it's all for your own good; for by burning the old mansion, you'll certainly oblige the old gentleman to build a new one ready to your hand.

*Heart.* Nay, faith, that's to be doubted: Beside, there should

should be some regard paid to a father, you know; hey, Tom.

Tom. Yes, Sir; and some, I think, to a child too. Let fathers act as fathers should do, and I warrant children will be dutiful.

Free. You must form some other plan, Tom; this will never do; any thing but fire and sword.

Tom. Well, Sir, not to keep you any longer in suspense, you must know my intimacy with Mrs. Lucy has gain'd me the knowledge of her Lady's bed-chamber, which the old Gentleman will certainly make her prison.

Free. Ay, that's what I fear.

Tom. Fear, Sir! why it's the luckiest thing in all the world.

Free. What, to have her confin'd in her chamber!

Tom. Why it's the only place, Sir, you can ever hope to get her from.

Free. How so, pr'ythee?

Tom. Why thus, Sir: I'll attend under the window, at eleven o'clock this evening, with a ladder of ropes; when, if they have good legs; clean heels, are not ashamed to show them, and are pretty sure footed, I warrant I'll bring them off in triumph. [Exit.]

Heart. Well, success attend ye: And in the mean time, Colonel, you and I will entertain ourselves at the play. [Shewing a play-bill.] "At the Theatre — in — this evening will be performed — a — call'd — To which will be added, a new farce, of two acts, call'd *The Rider, or Humours of an Inn*."

Free. Have you seen it, Major?

Heart. Yes; it's a whimsical piece enough, and not altogether unlike our present adventure. — I ho', in my opinion, it has neither fable, plot, wit, or humour in it: Yet it passes here for a good performance. But come, Colonel, it's about the time they generally begin. [Exit.]

*End of the First Act.*

D

A C T



## A C T II.

### SCENE I. *A Gallery.*

ARABELLA, *Justice LOVEGOLD and HOMELY, knocking at a Chamber Door.*

*Bell.* **I** Tell you, Sir, she's not here; it's a Lady and a Gentleman from London: Sure I know Miss Lovegold well enough! and I tell you again and again, I have not seen her this month past. Sure you may believe one.

*Loveg.* Ye lie, hussy! she's in this room. John, break the door open, if they will not unlock it.

*Bell.* If he dares, Sir, let him. Sir, you'll be hang'd if you break it.

*Loveg.* Ye lie, hussy! he's my man, and I'm Justice of Peace for the hundred.

*Bell.* Well, Sir, if you are, you are not to break people's houses, for all that. Don't be frightened, Madam; it's only an old Justice.

*Loveg.* Hussy, don't be impudent: Consider my dignity, and the reverence due to my office.

*Bell.* Dignity! you old fool! *[Half aside.]*

*Loveg.* What's that, hussy!

*Bell.* What's that! why what do you think it is?

*Hom.* You don't know the law, hussy.

*Bell.* Hussy! Pr'ythee don't hussy me.

*Hom.* Why, I tell you it's in his Worship's power, or any other Country Justice of Peace, to burn a man's house, if it stands in his way.

*Bell.* And more's the pity, say I—that such asses should be made Justices of. *[Half aside.]*

*Loveg.* Hussy, I'll send you to the house of correction for your impudence.

*Bell* 1

*Bell.* You send me to the house of correction ! you may kiss the cushion I sit to breakfast upon : And as for that old fool, I'll fetch John Ostler to duck him in the horse-pond.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter PHILLIS.*

*Phil.* What means this rudeness, that people cannot rest in their beds in peace !

*Loveg.* Ha, Madam, have I catch'd you !

*Phil.* Well, Sir, and what then ?

*Hom.* Madam, his Worship has lost his daughter.

*Phil.* Well, Sir, am I her ?

*Hom.* And I mine ; would she were gone for ever.

*Phil.* What have I to do with them, or you either ?

*Loveg.* Madam, I beg your pardon—but her disobedience makes me mad.

*Phil.* Take the usage then that such mad fools deserve.

[*She takes off his wig, throws it into his face, and runs off.*]

*Loveg.* The women are certainly all mad ! Oh, John, John ! what man living would ever breed a daughter !

*Hom.* Nay, your Worship, they are troublesome gear, to be sure.

*Loveg.* Troublesome ! why they are very devils incarnate. Who could have expected this disobedience from Bell !

*Hom.* Nay, your Worship, she were wont to be a good girl, to be sure.

*Loveg.* Oh the baggage of baggages, and her baggage, that baggage of thine !

*Hom.* Nay, your Worship, I don't know how it is, your Worship ; your Worship knows there's no accounting for women ; they are like windmills, your Worship ; always a turning and grinding, and grinding and turning, never still, your Worship.

*Enter Mrs. MOTHERLY, in her Night-cap and Bed-gown.*

*Moth.* Bless me ! what's the matter ! Is your Worship lunatick ?

*Loveg.* Lunatick ! no ;—but I am stark mad ; I have lost my daughter.

*Moth.* And your Worship will make me run stark staring mad, if I am to have this noise in my house any longer, I hope your Worship does not think I would harbour your daughter.

*Enter ARABELLA.*

*Bell.* Oh, Madam! Madam! Madam! oh!

*Moth.* Oh! what's the matter, child!

*Bell.* Oh dear, Madam! there's poor 'Squire Spritely is jump'd out of the window into the horse-pond; and his Lady, poor dear creature, is running about the yard half naked.

*Moth.* Oh! oh! oh! I shall be ruin'd past all redemption; lose all my custom, nobody will come to my house! Oh Bell, fetch me a drop of cordial! a little drop, my dear Bell, or I shall faint!

*[Exit Bell.]*

*Hom.* Comfort yourself, Madam; his Worship is a great man; he'll speak to the Gentlefolk to make it up; and I'll do my endeavour, and ask their pardons.

*Moth.* Oh, Master Homely, the Gentleman is a Londoner, and has been a very good customer to me; but to be so terribly frighten'd, who knows what he may do, or say of me or my house, when he gets to London.

*Loveg.* Don't be so uneasy, Madam; I will speak to the Gentlefolk to make it up; I will indeed.

*Moth.* And then there is the poor Lady too; she is but newly married, poor dear soul, and frighten'd to death, I dare say: Oh dear! who knows what injuries she may have received! Oh! I shall die with the thoughts of it. Oh, Bell, Bell, Bell! the cordial, my dear Bell, or I shall faint.

*Enter ARABELLA with Cordial.*

*Bell.* How are you now, Madam?

*Moth.* A little, little better, thank ye child.

*Bell.* You had better take the other little drop, Madam, lest the fit should return.

*Moth.* Well come then, a very little drop, child: There, there, hold.

*Loveg.* Well, Madam, how are you now?

*Moth.* Better, much better, I thank your Worship, Will your Worship please to taste my cordial?

*Loveg.* I thank ye, Madam, I don't care if I do; I am a little faint this morning, running after these plaguy wenches.—It's excellent, indeed.—Shall I beg a little drop for poor John?

*Moth.* By all means, your Worship.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* Here, you stinking old goat.

*[She spills it over him, drops the glass, and runs off.]*

*Moth.* Impudent slut! Come, your Worship, shall we go and see how the poor Lady and Gentleman do, after their fright?

*Loveg.* By all means, Madam.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The Street before the Inn.*

*Enter FLASH in his Slippers without his Hat, unbutton'd, and wringing his Cloaths; the Ostler following him.*

*Ostl.* The Lard, 'Squire! what cou'd fright you so, to make you jump out at window?

*Flash.* Why don't I tell ye I dreamt the house was on fire.

*Ostl.* Well, but why did ye not stay to see virst?

*Flash.* Them old rascals knocking at the door confirm'd it.

*Ostl.* Well, but cou'd not you see the horse-pond, and have jump'd over it?

*Flash.* No, you old fool! how shou'd I see it, or think of it either, in such a fright!

*Ostl.* Well, for certain, 'Squire, you do cut a droll vigure. Why a man that zeed ye at our race, when you rid old Riskall, would not take ye for the same man.

*Flash.* A plague on old Riskall, and thou too, for a troublesome old fool!

*Ostl.* Nay, 'Squire, don't curse us; we are a couple of old servants, and can't last for ever.—Faith I was zorry for the poor old horse, when he was sold.

*Flash.* The devil fetch thou and the horse too! What's the horse to me, now he's gone?

*Ostl.* Why ay, zee there now, that's the way with us all now a-days, man and beast; when we are weary'd out with slavery, we may all go to the dogs; we are good for nought, nobody'll keep us.

*Enter Mrs. MOTHERLY, LOVEGOLD, HOMELY, HEARTWELL, and Waiter.*

*Moth.* My dear 'Squire, I am extreamly sorry—

*Heart.* What, my little Don Quixote in a fresh encounter!

*[To Flash.]* This is all your doings, Sir. *[To Lovegold.]*

*Love.*

*Love.* Oh, this is the villain that I met yesterday going to take her off in his chaise!

*Flash.* Who, me, Sir! Upon my honour, Sir——

*Love.* Ye lie, firrah! Did not I catch you in the attempt.

*Heart.* You mistake, Sir; the gentleman meant it out of friendship to the lady.

*Love.* It's a lie! he was going off with her. Ye dog, tell me where she is, or I'll cut your throat.

[ *Catches him by the collar.* ]

*Heart.* Hold, Sir! I'll answer for the gentleman's innocence.

*Love.* You answer, ye puppy!

*Flash.* Upon my honour, Sir, I had no intention but to have sav'd them from the dust; for which piece of service you very obligingly gave me this cut on my nose, besides a broken head.—Zounds! I wish I were as well out of this scrape.

[ *Runs off; they all follow but the Ofler.* ]

*Ofler.* Well, the 'Squire was very cruel to the poor old horse, that's for zertain, never to come nor zend for'en in three months; I thought he wou'd a vetch'd en away. Why if hecou'd not win, it was not his fault; but there, that's the way of 'em all, now a days; it grieves me to zee the poor old beast, no cloaths on, and his coat as ruff as a bear's: Adad, I am not sorry he jump'd into the pond, now I think on't; I believe it was a judgment upon him for his cruelty to the poor old beast, adad I do.

*Enter Mob.*

*Ofler.* Hey-day! what's the matter now?

*1st Mob.* Ay, John, that we came to know.

*2d Mob.* Why, the whole town is up, John!

*Ofler.* Why it's time they were, for it's a quarter past six o'clock.

*3d Mob.* We thought the house had been on fire.

*Ofler.* Why you were nighest the mark, friend; for a gentleman dreamt it was on fire, and so I jump'd out of the window in a fright, and his lady ran down stairs into the yard half naked, that's all, neighbours, as I hope to be sav'd: But hark ye, neighbours, that ye may not represent this story in a wrong light, come along with me, and I'll tell ye who it was, and how it was, and what it was for, and all about it.

*1st Mob.* Come along, neighbours; for it's pity we should reprimand it in a right light.

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Room.*

*Mrs. MOTHERLY, ARABELLA, PHILLIS, LOVEGOLD, FREEMAN, HEARTWELL, FLASH, and Waiter.*

*Free.* Really, Mr. Lovegold, this is usage I am a stranger to: If your daughter has made an elopement, am I to blame? you see she's not with me.

*Lovegold.* You lie, ye dog! you have conceal'd her.

*Moth.* I am very sorry your Worship should throw such a scandal on my house; your Worship knows I have kept this house these thirty years, and there is not a man, woman, or child, that can say that there was ever an ill thing done in it.

*Homely.* Why indeed, Mrs. Motherly, you stand in pretty good repute among your neighbours, that's for certain.

*Love.* What all upon me at once! what will ye do with one next? Murder me for my money, I suppose!

*Free.* No, Sir, you will be in no danger of that, I assure ye.

*Love.* You lie, firrah, ye lie!

*Moth.* Indeed your Worship uses me very ill, to think mine is such a sort of a house.

*Heart.* Oh Madam, let him rage on, he'll grow cold when he's tired.

*Love.* Ye lie, ye dog! I shall never be cold any more!

*Heart.* Then you'll need no fire, Sir.

*Love.* Ah villain, villain! thou art my greatest enemy, thou art the vile contriver of this plot.

*Heart.* Come, come, Sir, if you have no regard for your own reputation, I have, and am sorry to see you act so ridiculous a part here; and to let you see there is no dishonour meant either to you or your daughter by the Colonel, or myself, if it is in our power we'll help ye to regain her.

*Love.* What to run away with her when you have done.

*Free.* Not without your leave, Sir.

*Love.* What, firrah! why I would as soon give you my money, ye fool.—I thought ye wanted to rob me, firrah.

*Heart.* You mistake, Sir; the Colonel offers to take her without a farthing.

*Love.* What does he say, John?

*Homely.* To take her without a fortune, your Worship.

*Love.* Ay! to take her—

*Free.* Without a farthing, Sir.

*Love.* Why there may be something in that indeed; but then she's my darling daughter, my only child, Sir; I can't part with her, I can't indeed.

*Heart.* Come, come, Sir, consider the expence of keeping her.

*Love.* Why that's true, as you say, cousin; but then, you know, she's my darling, my only child, cousin: I can't part with her, I can't indeed; and yet I cou'd like to see the slut well married.—But then she's the only comfort of my old age, my only darling. Hark ye, cousin: What estate has the Colonel besides his commission? [*Aside.*

*Heart.* About three thousand pounds a year.

*Love.* Three thousand pounds a year! it's a great sum, cousin.

*Heart.* A very comfortable fortune, Sir, I should think.

*Love.* Ay, it's too much, cousin, it's too much; it will make her mad, I am afraid; young heads, you know, cousin, are soon turn'd. Hark ye, John!

*Free.* Well, Charles, how go matters?

*Heart.* Hush, man, the business is done.

*Love.* Three thousand pounds a year is a great sum, John, a very great sum, indeed it is.

*Homely.* Let her go, Sir, let her go.

*Love.* Well, Colonel, if we can but find this runaway, I'll consider of what you have been saying. Come, John, let us see what we can do.

*Heart.* Stay, stay, Sir; there must be some reparation made to my landlady, and this gentleman and lady, first.

*Love.* I ask their pardons, cousin, I do indeed; and as for my landlady, why I'll make all my tenants come and have a dinner here, and I'll come myself and spend a shilling or two.

*Heart.* A shilling or two! for shame, Sir! A guinea or two, you mean.

*Love.* What! The fellow is mad, sure! Come along, John, come along. [*Exit all but Heartwell and Freeman.*

*Free.* Well, Charles, what think ye now?

*Heart.* That you may have a wife Sir, but no wedding-dinner; the expence of that would certainly break his heart. Well, surely there never was a slave so miserable as a miser.

*Enter*

*Enter Waiter.*

*Waiter.* Captain Johnson, Sir.

*Heart.* Let him come in; he'll be no bad companion for you, Colonel, if you are fond of a love-sick boy.

*Free.* What is he, pr'ythee?

*Heart.* I know not, I assure ye; we have been acquainted but five days.

*Free.* But you know his core.

*Heart.* Not I, faith; he pretends to be here on a recruiting party, and says he belongs to the Irish foot; but as to them, his regiment, or quarters, I know no more of, than you do.

*Free.* Is he a good companion, say you?

*Heart.* Ay, for a prude, or a methodist preacher: Name but a wench, and he'll blush like a girl; scorns all gallantry and amours, but those of honour; true love is his religion; he thinks it adultery to touch but the lips of a wanton; and drinks two glasses of wine a day, and those mixt with water.

*Free.* Ha! ha! ha! an excellent fellow for a soldier, truly!

*Heart.* And yet he's humorous enough; and there is something covered by his natural simplicity that speaks him neither fool nor coward.

*Enter SILVIA.*

*Silvia.* Major, your servant.—Confusion! my brother here!

*Heart.* You look confus'd, Captain.

*Silvia.* Now impudence, if thou art not a blemish in the character of a chaste woman, assist me. [*Aside.*] I am indeed, Sir.

*Free.* Not on my account, I hope.

*Silvia.* Your pardon, Sir; tho' I am a stranger to you, you nor your family are none to me.

*Free.* Sir!

*Silvia.* Your patience, Colonel, I have known ye long;—nay, noble, generous, and brave; debase not those God-like principles now, but use them in favour of an unhappy youth.

*Free.* Proceed, Sir.

*Silvia.* You have a beauteous sister, called Silvia.

E

*Free.*

*Free.* I hope she's well.

*Silo.* In health I hope she is, but in mind I know she's not.

*Heart.* Why, Sir, has the spleen or vapours seiz'd her? I thought her above their power.

*Silo.* Neither; but a nobler passion.

*Heart.* Love, I presume.

*Silo.* The same: As my soul is hers, so hers is mine.

*Heart.* Hath she confels'd so much?

*Silo.* She has.

*Free.* Really!

*Silo.* Really, Sir.

*Free.* I am sorry for it.

*Silo.* You need not, Sir, if a man of birth and fortune, equal to her wishes, is what you desire.

*Heart.* Hark ye, child, first learn to govern yourself, and then think of a wife.

*Silo.* Had you always follow'd that advice yourself, Major, you had gain'd advancement long ere now, and a fairer character too.

*Heart.* Him that dares censure my character, Sir, I'll put him to the point.

[Laying his hand upon his sword.]

*Silo.* The world is busy, and must be humour'd.—My dear Colonel, what say you to my suit?

*Free.* I think you are much too young, and blame my sister if she has been so fond.

*Silo.* Then you wrong her, Sir; for whatsoever her inclination may have prompted her to, she will not stir one step without your approbation, and has wrote to Ireland to know your pleasure.

*Free.* Well, Sir, if upon inquiry I find you a man of property and honour, and my sister as inclineable as you say, my approbation shall not be wanting.

*Heart.* But mine shall: I'll die before I'll lose her.

*Free.* Lose her! Pr'ythee what do'st mean!

*Heart.* Oh my dear friend, I have an interest in her welfare, that cannot brook a rival.

*Silo.* So, it begins to work I find! [Aside.] You mock me, Sir.

*Heart.* Not I, by heavens! I'll sacrifice the world to my love!

*Free.* Love! hah! thou art not mad sure, Major, ha! ha! ha! Well, how contemptible a figure dost thou cut now, to fall from so great a hero to a woman's toy!—to sacrifice

at the shrine of Venus! nay, and trust thy heart in the bosom of a girl too!

*Heart.* Nay, pr'ythee be merciful: Tho' I know Silvia would not sacrifice her charms to such a boy, yet I cannot bear a rival even in thought.

*Silv.* A boy, Sir!—yet I'll be calm.

[Laying her hand upon her sword.

*Heart.* A coward is ever so.

*Silv.* A coward, Sir!—yet I'll be calm.

*Heart.* It's best; and be assured, if ever Silvia condescended to permit your addresses, it was only to divert herself.

*Silv.* Why, Sir, d'ye think her a coquette, or me qualified for the opera?

*Heart.* Neither: But I know she has too much good sense to trust her honour in such weak hands as thine.

*Silv.* You are mistaken, Sir; women will do strange things at times.

*Heart.* They must be strange women indeed, that will do any thing with such a beardless boy as thou art.

*Silv.* A beardless boy!—To let you see, Sir, I have both honour and courage enough to protect her, as well as sensibility to adore her!—To your guard, Sir! [Draws.

*Heart.* Have at thee, boy! [They fight.

*Free.* Hold, Sir!—My dear friend!—Are you madmen? Nay then,—rest both your points on me.

*Silv.* Oh, Heartwell! have mercy, and spare my brother.

*Heart.* Thy brother!

*Free.* Whither will this vision lead us!

*Silv.* Dear Sir, on my knees let me beg forgiveness for the weakness and folly of an unhappy girl.

*Heart.* A girl!

*Free.* By heavens, my sister! Arise to my arms, my dearest Silvia, and unfold this mystery.

*Heart.* Ha! Silvia! I am fairly caught, by Jupiter! [Aside.

*Silv.* A word does that, Sir.—You may remember, when you first came home from Germany, the Major and yourself were my constant companions: As you live like brothers, so I fancy'd myself a sister to you both, till, oh fatal hour! when you were commanded to join your regiments, 'twas then I felt a brother's loss, and what was worse—But spare my blushing cheeks the rest.

*Heart.* Oh, thou more than woman!

[Embracing.

*Enter Waiter.*

*Waiter.* An Officer and a Parson desire to speak to you, Colonel.

*Free.* Who the devil shou'd they be, that know me! Let them know I'll wait upon them. Come, Sir, it's dangerous leaving you duellers together.

*Heart.* We'll follow you. *[Exit,*

*Enter FLASH, followed by PHILLIS.*

*Phil.* Well, but my dear Jack——

*Flash.* It's in vain to talk; I have had nothing but Bailiffs and Thief-catchers, the Old Bailey and the Gallows, in my head for this week past.

*Phil.* What, you dreamt of it, I suppose, ha! ha! ha!

*Flash.* You may laugh, Madam; but it is not a laughing matter to me. What do ye think drove me out of the window this morning, but the dread of them cursed Bailiffs,

*Phil.* Why how madly you talk now! Wou'd any man living make himself so miserable for the value of fifty pounds. Why if they catch you, they can't hang you for't; and if they do, you know you are not the first Gentleman that has been brought to the bar for making use of his master's money.

*Flash.* Hush! what's that!

*Phil.* Some of Fielding's gang, I dare say: Run and see, ha! ha! ha!

*Flash.* Well, this raillery is in vain, Phillis; I am determin'd to leave the house immediately, and beg you'll make the best of your way to London. Hush! I hear some horse coming. *[Exit.*

*Phil.* Did ever poor devil torment himself so about a foolish fifty pound: There was Jack Saddlebag, Mr. Lute-string's Rider, took up five and twenty the other day purely on my account, besides this sack and petticoat, and never made a word of it.—But stay, I must not lose this fool till I have wheedled him out of some more of the money, tho' I know he has but a few guineas left. *[Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Another Room.*

BELINDA and LUCY.

*Belin.* I shall never hold out, Lucy.*Lucy.* What should you fear, Madam? You know the Devil and the Pope are not a match for the Gown and the Sword.*Belin.* I thought the Pope had belong'd to the Gown, Lucy.*Lucy.* Ay, Madam; but we'll act like wise Politicians; he hates a Red-coat. So I'll deal with him, while you try what prayers will do with the other Gentleman.*Belin.* I am oblig'd to you, Lucy. But I find you are for the easiest task of the two.*Lucy.* Not at all, Madam: I am sure a good-natur'd Devil is not half so troublesome as an ill-natur'd Pope.*Belin.* Well, Lucy, thou art a mad creature.—But hush!*Enter FREEMAN, HEARTWELL, and SILVIA.**Belin.* I beg your pardon, Gentlemen, for this intrusion; but my nephew here, hearing you had serv'd in the German wars, desir'd to be introduc'd.*Free.* You do us honour, Sir.*Belin.* Not that I have any desire to hear you count over the great actions of your lives, nor the thousands you have seen slain: No, Sir, my thoughts are all employ'd above.*Lucy.* And mine shou'd be always employ'd below, if it were possible to be as great as Alexander.*Silv.* Hark ye, brother; don't you recollect that face?*[Aside,**Free.* Not I, truly.*Silv.* Not Lucy, Belinda's maid?*Free.* Lucy!*Silv.* Ay, Lucy; and ten to one but this is Belinda.*[Taking off her wig,**All.* Ha! ha! ha!*Silv.* You see, my dear, if you had had nothing but men to have had to deal withal, you might have deceiv'd them easily;

easily; but it is impossible to deceive a woman, tho' the most subtle of her sex should use all her arts to attain it.

*Belin.* Nor can the breeches, and the addition of a laced coat, conceal the fair Miss Silvia.

*Silv.* I own the name with pleasure, tho' I am as fond of the breeches as ever thou canst be for thy life.

*Free.* Belinda, my dearest Angel, how did you escape?

[*Embracing.*]

*Belin.* Of that hereafter.

*Free.* Well, but how came you by those disguises?

*Belin.* As to mine, Sir, it has been in the house before my memory; but Lucy is oblig'd to my Cousin Heartwell for her regimentals.

*Heart.* Oh! I remember an old suit I left there last summer: Let us see, Lucy, how the breeches fit.

*Lucy.* So well, Sir, that I ever intend to wear them.

*Heart.* Well, faith, Madam, your disguises might have easily past upon me: I have seen many a worse Vicar in a country village, and Officer at the head of a company.

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* Well, Sir, I beg your Honour's pardon.

*Free.* You may speak out; here are none but friends.

*Lucy.* Hush, Sir!

*Heart.* What success, Tom?

*Tom.* Oh Sir! the garrison are march'd out with flying colours, and have left the Governor and his Deputy to defend the fort alone.

*Heart.* But to what quarter, pr'ythee?

*Tom.* That I can't learn, Sir: But I warrant they'll be soon here.

*Heart.* How was the siege conducted?

*Tom.* There needed none, Sir: Fortune was our friend.

*Free.* How, pr'ythee?

*Tom.* Why, Sir, attending last night at the hour appointed, I found the whole village in an uproar.

*Free.* On what account?

*Tom.* The old Gentleman having gathered together a large quantity of hay, which, to save expences, had not been half made, so by over heating had accidentally taken fire. I stroll'd about all night, and this morning heard the Ladies  
had

had taken the advantage of the confusion to make their escape; and just at the end of the town, who shou'd I meet but the old Justice and his man.

*Heart.* They have been here, and we have concluded a treaty.

*Tom.* I hope your Honours did not forget I was a party concern'd.

*Free.* By no means, Sir; so you may change your disguise when you please.

*Tom.* Not yet, Sir; my part is but half acted; so if your Honour please, no more Tom, but your Teague.

*Heart.* Sure thou art not going to turn stroller, Tom.

*Tom.* Stroller! No, no, Sir, I'll sooner desert to the French army, and live all my life upon frogs and salad.

*Heart.* Why so?

*Tom.* Oh Sir! only consider how often they go with an hungry belly, a ragged coat, and an empty purse. Beside, Sir, I cou'd never stand hissing on the stage, which of late years is become a mighty fashion. Stroller! by Jupiter, I would sooner stand a winter's campaign in Germany.

*Free.* To what purpose would you continue the disguise then?

*Tom.* Only to try the constancy of a mistress, and so become my own rival, Sir.

*Free.* Surely thou dost not think a woman wou'd ever put up with such a figure.

*Tom.* With this figure! why not, Sir? I hope you think me a man; and you know, Sir, a man is but a man; and if a woman's mind is once set upon a man, why a man she must have of some sort or other.

*Lucy.* Must she so.

[ *Aside.*

*Free.* Well, and suppose you find her false.

*Tom.* Then I shall have the pleasure of upbraiding her to her face.

*Free.* And leaving her, I suppose.

*Tom.* I can't promise that, Sir; but if true, I am sure she is the more valuable.

*Free.* Sure never mortal had so odd a whim.

*Tom.* Oh Sir! several much odder: Why I once knew a merchant's wife fall in love with her husband's porter, a lady of pleasure with an Italian eunuch, and a woman of the first quality with a cobbler's dog.

*Enter*

*Enter ARABELLA.*

*Bell.* Oh Sir! Sir! the saddest accident that ever hap-  
pen'd!

*Free.* What is it!

*Bell.* The poor young Gentleman, Sir, 'Squire Spritely, Sir,  
that jump'd out of the window this morning, Sir, is arrested  
by a thief-looking man from London, and Mr. Catch the  
Bailiff.

*Free.* For what, pr'ythee?

*Bell.* Oh Sir! I don't know: For, for, Sir, debt or mo-  
ney, or something, I believe, Sir!

*Tom.* Pray, Sir, don't you remember that young fellow?

*Free.* No, not I.

*Tom.* It's young Flash, Sir, son to your late Father's Ste-  
ward. He has been in London with my Lord Toppington  
several years; but being put out of livery, behav'd so im-  
pudent he was turn'd away, and has since got to be a Rider  
to a Merchant. I find the Lady with him is supported by  
four of those Gentlemen, and each has his quarter with her;  
so he has brought her here to take his leave of her for the  
ensuing three quarters: The puppy had the ambition to keep  
a running horse here till he eat his head off, as they term it,  
and the landlady was oblig'd to sell him to pay the expences.

*Enter LOVEGOLD and HOMELY.*

*Love.* Well, Sir, no advice of these runaways yet?

*Free.* Suppose we shou'd find them, Sir, would you bestow  
them on us as a reward?

*Love.* With all my heart.

*Heart.* And ten thousand pound to boot.

*Love.* What, ye fool!—Not a farthing.

*Lucy.* Suppose one thousand, to buy a wedding dinner,  
Sir.

*Love.* Why, do ye think I'm mad, fellow!

*Belinda.* A hundred, Sir, only to buy pins.

*Love.* Take her naked, and welcome, as you find her;  
no better, no worse.

*Belinda.* Well, Colonel, what say ye?

*Free.*

*Free.* With all my heart, my dearest; the want of fortune will only make you the more valuable.

*Belinda.* That's generous: But fortune has put it out of the power of that old——(villain is too good a name for him)——ever to make us miserable. Last night, in the confusion, his Worship dropt these papers, which I had the good fortune to find; bills and bonds to the amount of an hundred thousand pounds.

*Love.* It's a lie! I had not so much money in all the whole world, cousin.

*Belinda.* Not of your own, Sir, you mean.—My dear brother, I have detected his villainy. [Embracing.]

*Homely.* So! all's out I find!

*Heart.* What do'st thou mean?

*Belinda.* A story as strange to me, till last night, as it will be to you.

*Heart.* Proceed, my angel.

*Belinda.* Our father was a merchant rich and great, and not that abject wretch you have been taught to think him: He died in France, where I find you were disposed till you received your commission; and I was sent to England to the care of his sister, who having no child of her own, I was by adoption call'd her daughter: This good old gentleman received thirty thousand pounds as my fortune, and ten thousand pounds as a premium to bring me up, his care of you, and to provide a commission. All that I have receiv'd is cruelty and ill usage, and you the rank of Major, dearly bought by merit and long service.

*Love.* It's a lie, cousin! don't believe a word she says.

*Belinda.* It's truth, brother, upon my honour.

*Heart.* Well, Sister, but had I no fortune?

*Belinda.* Only sixty thousand pounds, brother, in the same honourable hands.

*Love.* It's a damn'd lie! I am not worth half the money in all the world.

*Belinda.* These papers, brother, will convince you.

*Free.* Come, come, Sir, it's in vain to dissemble; your Worship's fairly caught.

*Lucy.* And you are privy too, to all this villainy: I almost blush to call you father. [To Homely.]

*Love.* The devil blush ye, and catch ye all, I say. Come along, John. [Exit.]

*Heart.* Well, Silvia, darest thou share my better fortunes?

*Silvia.* Can you doubt it, Sir, after what has pass'd?  
Brother, what says Belinda?

*Belinda.* Oh child, my word is pass'd already, you know.

*Tom.* I doubt my condition will be like young Flash's:  
What say ye, Lucy, can ye forgive the folly?

*Heart.* Come, come, all fair and open; no apologies  
here, Tom; take her from me.

*Lucy.* Oh dear, Sir, what de ye mean!

*Heart.* Why to make thee follow the example of thy  
betters, girl, that's all.

*Lucy.* Well, if that's all, Sir, I hate to be out of fashion;  
so you may as well take me Tom, while I'm in the humour.

*Bell.* Dear Sir, do pray do something for the poor young  
Squire; don't let him be the only mourner.

*Free.* Let them come in.

*Enter FLASH, PHILLIS, Mrs. MOTHERLY, ARABELLA,  
Officers, &c.*

*Heart.* Well, Sir, what's the offence of this gentleman?

*Officer.* His master, in compassion of his misfortunes, has  
order'd me to keep that secret; there is an embezzlement of  
about fifty pounds, which we were in hopes of finding upon  
him; but as we have not, we are oblig'd to take him to  
London.

*Free.* Wou'd it be possible to avoid that, Sir, if he cou'd  
find friends to make it up for him?

*Officer.* If he cou'd make up the money, Sir, and deliver  
up his master's accounts, we have no farther to do with him.

*Free.* Well, Charles, as he has receiv'd some trouble on  
our accounts, what say ye, shall we make up the money for  
him?

*Heart.* With all my heart: Officer, release the gentle-  
man, and here's something to help you on the road; [*gives  
him money.*] with this piece of advice, never to be guilty of  
the like folly; and as for the lady, why I wou'd advise her  
to ship herself off for Florida.

*Phillis.* The lady neither wants your advice nor assist-  
ance, Sir. [*Going.*]

*Flash.* Stay, Phillis; tho' thou hast been my ruin, I will  
not part with thee so. There's a guinea to carry thee to  
town; and as to my own part, with their leave, I'll follow  
the

the fortunes of my generous benefactors, as I hope with my folly to forget my cowardice.

*Heart.* That's right, my boy ; thou art not the first fop that has made a brave soldier.

*Free.* Nor shall my interest be wanting in his favour, if he merits it ; and I know his father is an honest old fellow, and will not be backward to advance him all in his power.

*Flash.* This generosity is beyond my hopes ; but henceforth it shall be my study to deserve it.

From me, ye youth, learn folly to despise,  
And court the council of the grave and wise :  
By my advice avoid the wanton's snares,  
And leave your blessings with these happy pairs.

T H E   E N D.



the fortunes of my generous benefactor, as I hope with my  
 fully to forget my country.  
 Alas! I fear'st right, my boy; thou art not the first  
 that has made a false friend.  
 Alas! Nor shall my interest be wanting in his favour, it is  
 mine; and I know his father is an honest old fellow,  
 and will not be backward to advance him all in his power.  
 Alas! His generosity is beyond my hopes; but hence-  
 forth it shall be my study to deserve it.

Learn me, my youth, learn folly to despise.  
 And scorn the council of the grave and wise;  
 By my advice will the warden's power  
 And leave your blessings with that happy hour.

